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PHILOSOPHY

The philosophy
of kissing
[c.1840?]



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THE
PHILOSOPHY
OF
KISSING,
ANATOMICALLY AND PHYSIOLOGICALLY
EXPLAINED,
BY
AN AMATEUR.

“Give me, my love, that thrilling kiss
You taught me one delicious night,
When turning epicures in bliss,
We tried inventions in delight.”
MOORE.

WITH
ILLUSTRATIONS.

London:
HENRY SMITH, 37, HOLYWELL STREET, STRAND,
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.



DEDICATION.

TO ALL; ESPECIALLY THE LOVELY AND
THE YOUNG; WHO, NOT CONTENT WITH
THE WHAT, WOULD KNOW THE WHY
AND THE WHEREFORE, this treatise is
inscribed with affection and respect,

By their Friend,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

THIS is an era of light and knowledge. Science is gradually illuminating, with its divine rays all that was dark, mysterious, and incomprehensible in nature. We are at last breaking through the shell of substance, and getting at the kernel of truth and reality. The ACTUAL, in all its flimsiness and superficiality, is seen through, and seen but as the mask of the infinite IDEAL. We are gathering up the floating and delicate fibres of the clues of des-

tiny—and Philosophy, once free from the fetters of ignorance, will unravel all the mysteries of nature.

Then, those things which are most delightful in practice, will be found equally charming in theory. Then will the whole subject—the universal passional principle, of which kissing is but one phenomenon—be fully understood, and assume its importance in the scientific and philosophic world, which it now holds in the material; so that when, in future times, the lips of gallant men and lovely women meet in amorous dalliance, and the soft delights of the universal passion, they may kiss as seraphs praise—“with the spirit and the understanding also.”

To refine, elevate, and dignify, what were else comparatively coarse, low, and degrading, by science and philosophy, is worthy of the highest intellect and the noblest genius that the Almighty ever gave to man.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF KISSING.

There are a thousand things, which are extremely common, and yet, very little understood. Kissing is one of them. Everybody confesses, or thinks it is a delightful process; but how few can tell the reason why. Philosophers have overlooked it, and the vulgar, content with the practice, have cared nothing for the theory. This is wrong. A knowledge of the causes of natural phenomena increases their enjoyment. Who hears not the reverberations of thunder, and sees the gleam of the lightning with increased pleasure, when he understands the laws of electricity? So of the effects of the prism and all the effects of light and sound, optics and acoustics. Gives not astronomy new glory to the starry heavens? Who, so much as the scientific botanist, delights in plants and flowers—for even the weed, despised by common observers, to him has attractive

beauties? What pleasure the geologist takes in a bank of earth or a ledge of rocks! How enraptured is the mineralogist with a pebble? How delighted the conchologist with a curious shell!

Science not only renders pleasant things more delightful, but it makes those pleasant which were otherwise disgusting. Have you ever, reader dear, seen an anatomist over a corpse? Faugh! what a smell! You are obliged to hold your nose. Cologne or essence of roses is in constant requisition. See how he mangles the mortal remains of his fellow creature, which he has bought at some hospital, or stolen at some grave yard. Can anything be more horrible and disgusting? Yet he bends over it for hours, with delight. Why? He is making a scientific investigation. The muscles, tendons, ligaments, tissues, arteries, veins, nerves, organs, articulations, &c., are all to him intensely interesting, for he knows their uses and something of their laws.

If then, science can make disgusting things pleasant, and pleasant things more delightful, what must be the philosophy, or science of kissing? We shall see!

Now, ponderous works have been written upon the philosophy of sleep. For the last thousand years men have written upon the science of eating, till scarcely a child but understands all about mastication, digestion, chymification, chylickation, circulation, respiration, &c., &c. Has not Graham lectured and published too? Is not bran bread on the tables of all our hotels?

Walking is well understood. Seeing, every

school girl can explain. Boys in petticoats can explain the principles of gravitation; but who has explained the philosophy of kissing, or treated it scientifically? Echo answers—for people buss and smack, and even kiss very prettily, and in some cases very delightfully, without well knowing what they are about. Such woful ignorance ought not to be. It is a disgrace to this refined, scientific and transcendental era.

Where is the school-boy who has not heard that the discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton were caused by the fall of an apple? He saw it drop from the branch where it was growing, as millions had dropped before, since Eve plucked the first one in Eden, and asked himself why? "What a stupid question," cries the unobservant, unenquiring multitude, "don't apples always fall?" To be sure they do, and for that very reason there must be some great principle, some universal law of nature, which makes them fall. Why should the apple come down perpendicularly to the ground? Why not fly off horizontally, or go into the blue firmament? What power pulls it in a particular direction? What force is acting? For surely it is not locomotive. And Sir Isaac Newton discovered the existence of gravitation, or the principle, by which all matter attracts, by which a pebble is attracted by the earth, while the earth in turn is attracted by the pebble, and both are attracted by the planets and the suns of the universe.

But even Sir Isaac Newton, great philosopher as he doubtless was, kissed, and was kissed, though by no means, to a remarkable extent, yet

never enquired the WHY—never discovered the WHEREFORE. It was reserved for a later era and a more philosophical age, than that of Newton, who, even in the discoveries he did make, only made approximation to the truth, and went not back to first principles. He ascertained existing phenomena, but found not the cause. He was to astronomy what the phrenologists are to mental philosophy.

Now, if the fall of an apple caused such profound enquiries in the mind of Newton, such laboured investigations, such curious speculations in science, what ought not a delicious kiss, from the lips of a beautiful, high-souled, warm-hearted, lovely and loving woman, to produce, in the mind of a philosopher? With what earnestness should he enquire, search, investigate, and experiment. It is impossible to say how much time I have occupied in these enquiries, how many or how various my experiments, how many days, how many sleepless nights I have spent in making the discoveries contained in this little volume!

I can truly say that I have investigated the matter faithfully. No alchemist ever bent over the alembic with more fondness than I have over the rosy lips of woman. No astronomer ever looked at the stars with more intense delight than I have gazed upon her brilliant eyes, and endeavoured to find out the secret of their fascination.

Did it ever, enquiring reader, occur to you, that when you first come into this world, drew your first breath of God's atmosphere, the mother who bore you covered your little rose-bud mouth

with warm maternal kisses—kisses that thrilled to your little ounce of heart—kisses that were carried through your whole frame, your fat little arms to the ends of your tiny fingers, and down your crooked squab little legs to the ends of your just sprouting toe nails? And how many times, in the months of your babyhood did your mother kiss you! and as you grew up to boyhood or girlhood, how fondly you have kissed your little brothers or sisters—and sweet, very sweet are the kisses of kind-hearted, affectionate childhood.

Then, when you grew up, was there not an attraction which drew your lips to those around you? You have felt the pleasure of the embrace of friendship, the rapture of the kiss of love; and all through life kissing becomes not tiresome. Your wife kisses you—Oh! how fondly. Your children kiss you, with what sincere affection!—The little cherubs climb upon grand-pa's knee, and kiss him with their fond little arms about his neck, and their pure, soft hearts beating on his bosom, and on his bed of death; and even when the soul has left him, fond lips press to his, all cold and irresponsible as they are.

Yet, of the philosophy of all this we are ignorant! What humbugs we are! What a humbug is civilization!—Bah!

Kissing is universal. The tea-making, opium-smoking, incomprehensible and unalterable Chinese; the dark-skinned, warm-blooded Hindoo; the uncouth and dirty Hottentots; the thick-lipped, wool-headed negroes; the dark-eyed

Spaniards ; the gay and versatile French ; the phlegmatic Germans ; the enthusiastic Italians ; the sedate and dignified Turks ; the moustachoed Russians, and the haughty, clever English, all kiss. So do the active, energetic, enterprising and inventive Americans.

Thus, from birth to death, in all countries, in every clime, and from all antiquity, men and women have been putting their lips together ; while not one in a million has ever understood why or wherefore. When you ask a learned doctor, can he explain it ? I should like to hear him try. He might give practical illustrations, but that would be like giving a course of experiments in chemistry without explanations, which would leave you as wise as you were before.

Is it not funny that men of science are such fools ? What are they about ? With all their discoveries they have not found out how to make everybody rich, or even comfortable ; so the noddies have made up their minds to call this world a "vale of tears," and have come to the conclusion that God did not intend there should be a state of society which would ensure man's happiness, simply because they have not discovered what it is ! Omnipotence, according to these philosophers, either could adapt society to man's happiness, and wouldn't ; or would, and couldn't,—making him either knave or fool ! What insanity ! But men will sometime find out the true philosophy of living, the same as they have found out the use of steam.

Well, never mind that now ; think of it after-

wards. The subject before us is too important, and our space too limited, to allow of such explanations.

The variety of kisses should not be overlooked in this investigation. All history, profane and sacred, is rich upon this subject, and heathen mythology not less so. The gods and goddesses were as much given to the soft delights of love, as the mortals over whose destinies they presided, nor were they always content with the embraces of the heavenly immortals. Jupiter could descend from the throne of the universe, to taste the nectar of a woman's lip. Venus was enamoured of the youth Adonis; and half of the exploits of the gods of Greece and Rome were of an amorous character, and many of them unfit for the pages of a treatise so chaste, philosophical, and purely scientific as this.

But when we turn to the inspired oracles of God, what an inexhaustible treasury of knowledge is unfolded. From Genesis to Revelations, on almost every page, we find matter most appropriate to our subject, and illustrations of the most striking character. Unlike the mythological fables of other history, here we have the truth, written by the inspiration of Him who made the heavens and the earth, and man to live and love, and woman to be loved; sweet lips to kiss, and prompt to desire, and give its exercise delight. From these sacred oracles we learn, that when the world was young, the women were so beautiful, that the angels—the “Sons of God” loved them, leaving all the glories of their abode in the eter-

nal heavens, around his holy throne—leaving their golden harps unstrung, a vacuum in the heavenly choir, a falling off in the eternal chorus of hallelujahs; for the embraces of the daughters of Eve.

How lovely must have been the women, born after the fall of our first parents, after the expulsion from Paradise; born in sin, the heirs of the first transgression, the partakers of total depravity; how beautiful they must have been to attract the angels from their starry home, and make them fly to their embraces!

And the glorious seraphs came on their radiant wings, when Aurora first purpled the east, or in the rich glories of the golden sunset—came to the bowers of the daughters of men, and pressed their rosy lips, with a rapture unfelt in heaven. Do we wrong then, to call women angels, when they could charm the seraphs from the skies? Should man disdain to feel what angels felt, to adore what angels loved—to kneel where angels sued?

And there sprung from their embraces a race of giants, even from the Sons of God and the daughters of men, who multiplied exceedingly, but whose angelic natures, tainted with mortal depravity, made harsh discord upon the earth, and whose mad ambition rioted in crime and bloodshed, until the Almighty, as he had all along intended, drowned the earth with a deluge, saving from the universal wreck but one family of men, and of all animals, to perpetuate the species. Such is his terrible vengeance on those who sin against him, actuated by the propensities he has

created, and moving in the eternal round of his destiny !

But the earth was soon re-peopled. The passions still bore sway. Women were still beautiful and angelic ; but angels, shocked at the mischief produced by their former amours, refrained from all but the most chaste embraces—for as yet Malthus had not written. But can it be doubted, that when beauty sleeps, even now, angels hover over her pillow, inhale the sweetness of her balmy breath, and cover her lips with kisses ? Who would doubt it ? Watch they not the cradle of lovely infancy ? Whisper they not, as the Irish peasant women think, to smiling, slumbering babes ? Surely they do—for woman is as lovely as ever, since she sinned in Eden, and the “ Sons of God ” must still love the daughters of men.

And the patriarchs of old saw and loved, and married. They kissed their blooming brides, they kissed their smiling, chubby babes, and Jacob, when he went down to Egypt, and saw his son Joseph, fell upon his neck and kissed his brethren, and lifted up his voice and wept.

Oh holy nature ! how were thy dictates followed in those primitive ages, when men acted up to thy impulses, and fathers embraced sons, and brother kissed brother—how much more the sons and daughters of men, the young, beautiful, warm hearted, those they loved and by whom they were beloved !

In later times, how pure was the affection of David and Jonathan,—how strong the love of David for the wife of his captain Uriah, whose vo-

luptuous beauties he saw while she was bathing, unsuspecting that the pious psalmist, the man after God's own heart, was peeping. O David! And Uriah was placed in the front of the battle and slain. Then the monarch of Israel sent for his wife to his bloody arms,—but God punished him, and the first-born of their love suffered for the father's crime.

But in all the oracles of God, there is described no one who, to the wisdom of his especial gift, united a voluptuousness of character and an excess of enjoyment in such a degree as Solomon. There was a moral grandeur, a sort of sublimity in his amours. The whole world of beauty paid him tribute, and his whole life and much of his writings were devoted to the practice of what I am about to explain, in theory. O magnificent king! I envy thee not the glory of thy riches, the excellence of thy piety, the splendour of thy temple, nor the renown of thy wisdom—but I envy, and all men must envy thee, the pleasures of thy seraglio! the kisses of thy three hundred wives, and the embraces of thy seven hundred concubines! Thou wert indeed the wisest man—thy philosophy was enjoyment, and thou didst practice what thy creed dictated. Kingly voluptuary! sacred epicurean! pious libertine! thy name and thy glory shall endure for ever.

How do they err who give a mystical meaning to “the Song of songs, which is Solomon's;” making it refer to things more spiritual than the loves of beautiful women, if more spiritual can be—making it a bungling affair about the Church

of Christ, when thy life of love and joy was an acted commentary on that song of songs—when each of thy three hundred wives, and each of thy seven hundred concubines was a living illustration ! So foolish are those who would twist the word of life from its plain interpretation !

If any man understood the philosophy of kissing, it was Solomon. I fancy him in his palace, after having partaken of the strength of seven bulls,—for the art of concentrating aliment, and supplying the wants of the system, was better understood then than now ; I fancy the gallant, glorious Solomon, in his pleasant family circle of wives and concubines, spending the hours in amorous delights, and enjoying in its highest perfection, earth's highest pleasure. There were ever around him in those soft hours, forms of glorious beauty, eyes beaming with tenderness, lips that might warm the passions of an anchorite, and bosoms so divinely moulded that no sculptor could do them justice ; complexions of all tints, from the dark browned princess of Egypt, “dark but comely,” to the snowy whiteness of the maids of Circassia. What is the paradise of Mahomet compared with the seraglio of the wise and magnificent Solomon ?

Can thought conceive the rapture of that embrace by which the Saviour was begotten of the Virgin Mary, Mother of God, exceeding in honour the kisses of the Sons of God to the daughters of men, and in bliss, as much as God exceeds his ministers in power and excellence ?

The kiss by which a virgin conceived, and a world received a Saviour! And when that virgin, still pure and spotless, in the arms of Joseph, who only held the holy being to his breast, while devotion mingled with his chaste salutes, who restrained his passions, and but loved her the more that she had been first the chosen bride of the Holy Ghost; when she brought forth in the stable of Bethlehem the infant Redeemer—how holy was the transport with which she pressed the young Son of God—the little Saviour she was dangling on her knee, to her bosom, swelling with his food, how holy the rapture of maternal kisses, how sweet, and yet how awful, thus to press her lips to the rose-bud mouth of her little creator, to whom she had given birth—to the lips of him who was in the beginning with God, by whom all things were made, even the lips that pressed to his, the bosom that sustained him, and the womb that gave him birth!

Never before or since had mother the privilege of Kissing her Maker—never before did mother change the swaddling clothes, and perform all those necessary offices, to the Eternal Lord of life and glory.

Through his life, and in all his holy ministry, the blessed Saviour was the object of woman's love, but in his boyhood, with what tenderness did his mother press him to her breast! How did she listen to the words that proceeded from his mouth before he could talk plain, treasuring them all up in her heart!

What affection between such a mother and

such a son—the son of Mary, the carpenter's wife, and of Almighty God, who also must have loved his mother, and probably helped Joseph to take care of the family.

Jesus must have loved his brothers and sisters, for Mary, after his birth, appears to have become in fact, as well as appearance, the wife of the carpenter, with no common affection. He joined in their youthful sports as became the eldest, leading in their little games of hide and seek, and joining in all the festive and religious ceremonies suitable to his age, and common with the youth of his nation.

And when the dark-eyed maids of Judah looked lovingly and languishingly upon him, as he passed by their windows, where they sat, looking out of their lattices, did he not return their glances kindly,—was he not beloved, and did he not love? Yea, he was a man of like passions, tempted as we are, and yet without sin.

But did he never press to his heaving bosom the form of some blushing maiden?—never imprint upon her ripe red lips a chaste and holy kiss—never feel the trembling, palpitating, thrilling raptures of impassioned fondness? I ask, but cannot answer.

At Cana of Gallilee he went to a wedding. The young and the lovely were gathered there; he joined in their pleasures and pastimes, sat at the feast, tasted the rich viands, quaffed the ruby wine-cup, and joined in the jest and the mirth around the festive board, till the wine fell short.

and then, that the sport might go on, and nothing hinder the increasing hilarity, in his infinite power and goodness he made more wine, richer, stronger, and more luscious than the other, and the revel went on, spite of the wonder of the friends of the bride.

So he often sat at the feasts of publicans and sinners, and men who knew not that he was the Son of God, called him a "wine bibber," a tippler, a sot—and the friend of immoral people.

Yet the women always loved him, and Mary Magdalene kissed his feet in the strength of her devotion.

His life was love—and love was the essence of the pure and holy religion he taught. Love one another, was his lesson to his disciples, and so common was it for them to kiss him, all, male and female, that Judas Iscariot choose it as the most convenient method to betray him. In all his travels he never met a pretty woman, who loved him, without giving her a kiss, and his apostles followed his divine example.

In the primitive Christian Church how much stress was laid upon the kiss of charity, that holy interchange of divine emotions. How frequent the injunction of the apostles, to "greet each other with a holy kiss," and how degenerate are the Christians of the present day! True, the Methodists have their love feasts. Delicious and pious seasons they are, worthy of the Church of Christ, but how rare!

In seasons of revival—in times of powerful religious excitement, the church becomes purified

and returns more closely to the standard of its primitive holiness. Then the tender and loving character of the religion of love is manifested, and as beautiful penitents kneel around the altar, the kiss of charity is often given by the pastors of our churches, and the warm and ardent affections of the heart spring up in luxuriance, and bring back the happy days of the apostolic era. Thus from the creation, connected with the history of man and woman in every age, we find the material of our observations, and especially in connection with our holy religion.

Examine the pages of a circulating library, if ever you have the patience, and in every one of its thousand greasy, well-thumbed volumes, all the novels and romances which the young read so eagerly, wasting oil or candles of nights, and placing their beds in peril, contains whole chapters whose interest turns upon a kiss. How eloquent are those descriptions—with what feeling written, with what emotions read!

Delightful are these tender scenes in the novels of Bulwer, a master, who has studied in the school of nature, and taken his degree in the university of experience. With what an intellectual grace, a philosophic art he brings his dashing heroes and lovely heroines together in those scenes of refined and romantic passion.

D'Israeli is, if possible, still more tender, more romantic, more loving. What intensity of soft, delicious, dreamy, moonlight, rosy, dewy passion, runs through the pages of Henrietta Temple! A novelist to write well upon the passion, which in

its different phases forms the material of every novel, must have those passions strongly developed in himself, and write from experimental knowledge. So do they, mostly, and those who do not, fail. This is the reason why so many authors—successful, popular authors, have been charged with dissoluteness in their conduct, and that with justice—for where the passions are powerful, they are but too apt to be irregular in their action and lead to excesses, of which those of a colder temperament are never guilty.

But should not these excesses, these vices, if you will, be looked upon with indulgence when they are the result of ardent temperament, and the accompaniments of genius? Ought not the world, even the moral world, to be forgiving to those whose strength of passion has fitted them to paint its effects in the boldest outlines and most gorgeous colours, and who have given so much pleasure to mankind?

Not only the novelists have written upon the subject upon which I am endeavouring to philosophise and refine, but to the poets kisses have been as daily food. Anacreon dwelt upon their luscious sweetness, nor seemed to know whether wine or kisses were sweetest, but at last concluded that both together constituted the height of human bliss! Born in the delicious region of Ionia, where everything inspired voluptuousness, he was the poet of epicureanism, and threw around the sensuality of the time and country the refinement and delicacy of his inspiration. In his age, music added its charms to poetry, and all that was

written to measure was also sung—poets singing their own compositions to the lyre, and these compositions were sung at all the principal feasts, games and entertainments.

Never in any age was the subject of kissing treated more charmingly—never, so far as the practice goes, so feelingly. One can almost see the lips of youth and beauty meeting! But Anacreon knew not, more than those he loved, the science of what he so beautifully described. He paints the bard of pleasure:—

He came my cordial kiss to meet.”
“ Beauty sparkled in his eye,
Sparkled in his eye of fire,
Through the mist of soft desire,
His lip exhaled, whene’er he sigh’d,
The fragrance of the rosy tide,
As with weak and reeling feet
He came my cordial kiss to meet.”

How excellent and how true this description ; for the veriest tyro in physiognomy knows that the eyes that are humid and fluctuating show a propensity to love. Such verse is worthy of the bard who wrote—

“ But this I know, and this I feel,
As onward to the tomb I steal,
That still as death approaches nearer,
The joys of life are sweeter, dearer ;
And had I but one hour to live,
That little hour to bliss I’d give.”

Who better fitted to describe the beauties of the fair beings of whom he is enamoured, and

among whose varied charms be sure he did not forget

“ Her lip so rich in blisses,
Sweet petitioner for kisses !
Pouting nest of bland persuasion,
Ripely suing Love’s invasion !”

And then his poetical fervour seems to increase as he paints the portraits lower. How feelingly he describes—

Her neck with grace descending,
In a heaven of beauty ending.”

The soft swelling bosom, so indescribable, yet so expressly described as the heaven of beauty !

Nor is this charming poet’s description of the perfection of manly beauty less excellent :—

“ Paint where the ruby cell encloses,
Persuasion sleeping upon roses !
And give his lip that speaking air,
As if a word was hovering there !
But O ! suffuse his limbs of fire
With all that glow of young desire,
Which kindles when the wishful sigh
Steals from the heart, unconscious why !”

Again and again this charming poet recurs to this delicious theme, now singing—

“ Let the bright nymph, with trembling eye,
Beside me, all in blushes lie ;
And while she weaves a frontlet fair,
Of hyacinth to deck her hair,
Oh ! let me snatch her sidelong kisses,
And that shall be my bliss of blisses !”

It is not to be concealed that the love of wine

mingled with his admiration of beauty,—he worshipped both Bacchus and Venus ; it is hard to say to which he paid most fervent devotion.

“Great Bacchus! in thy hallowed shade,
With some celestial, glowing maid,
While gales of roses round me rise,
In perfume, sweetened by her sighs,
I'll bill and twine in every dance,
Commingling soul in every glance!”

If for “glowing maid” the translator had written “full-bosomed,” the reading would have been both more literal and more philosophical—as will be shown by the anatomical and phrenological illustrations.

But I might quote pages from this bard, had I not more important matter, and Anacreon is but one of the many Greek and Latin poets whose sweetest lays were dedicated to love. Who reads not with ever new delight the warm outpourings of the muse of Sappho? Who admires not the verse of Ovid, passionate, and even licentious though it be? Nature is licentious, and her painters, if true to her, must be so too.

Catullus, the Latin poet, wrote of kisses too, in strains only less sweet than those of the Grecian bard we have so freely quoted:—

“As many Steller eyes of light
As watch us through the waste of night,
So many kisses ere I slumber,
Upon those dew-bright lips I'll number;
So many vermil, honied kisses,
Envy can never count our blisses;
No tongue shall tell the sum but mine;
No lips shall fascinate but thine!

I may mention here, while quoting classic authorities, the opinion, or rather the observation of that grave old commentator, Dyonisius Lambinus, which I have confirmed in a great many instances, so many as to set it down as an axiom, that girls who have large lips kiss infinitely sweeter than others, for which the reason will appear to every reader of this treatise sufficiently obvious. I will close my classical quotations by two extracts from the Greek Anthologia.

“Our age of bliss, my nymph, shall fly
 As sweet, though passing as that sigh,
 Which seems to whisper o’er your lip—
 ‘Come while you may, of rapture sip!’
 For age will steal the rosy form,
 And chill the pulse, which trembles warm!
 And death—alas! that hearts which thrill
 Like yours and mine, should e’er be still!”

Thus drawing from the shortness of life so much insisted upon by preachers, arguments for the voluptuary. The next is, “the same subject continued.”

“The kiss that she left on my lip,
 Like a dew drop shall lingering lie;
 ’Twas nectar she gave me to sip,
 ’Twas nectar I drunk in her sigh!
 The dew that distill’d in that kiss,
 To my soul was voluptuous wine;
 Ever since it is drunk with the bliss
 And feels a delirium divine!”

The poets of modern times have not been less amatory in their writings than those of classic antiquity; to say nothing of the verse of Petrarch,

and other poets of the soft clime of Italy, rivaling in voluptuousness, if not in elegance, the poets of their great masters and models, the lively muse of France, the passionate muse of sunny Spain. English bards, despite a northern clime, so uncongenial to the softness of amorous poetry, have written prettily, tastefully, and even warmly of the universal passion and its phenomena.

Thompson, phlegmatic in temperament and indolent in habit, could picture in glorious colours the joys he but rarely if ever tasted. Pope has sung divinely of pleasure he was little fitted to enjoy. Rochester, in person and in verse, indulged in all the excesses of a titled debauchee; his vices are only softened by the genius that cannot but elevate and etherialize the passions. I need not point to Shakspeare, who in a thousand places so delicately portrays the meeting lips, and hearts of lovers, much less quote what not to be already familiar with would argue a want of taste to appreciate. But I may speak of, and quote the writings of two poets of modern date, to the translations of one of whom I am already indebted, and upon whose original writings, not less elegant and appropriate, I shall draw for a few more illustrations. I need scarcely say that I allude to Lord Byron, the greatest poet of the age, and Moore, the most elegant bard of Epicureanism.

The life and writings of Byron are too well known to require quotations, and I need only advert to the beautiful tales of passion contained in *Don Juan*, which, of all his writings, is most resplendent with his great and varied genius.

The first *affaire* with Donna Julia, is too long to quote entire, and too excellent, too natural, too true, to leave out one syllable. I turn to another—his Haidee, and this, spite of its length, is too much to my purpose, has too much connection with the subtle mysteries of nature—whose true philosophy I am now, for the first time, about to explain—to allow me to withhold it:—

“ They looked up to the sky, whose floating glow
 Spread like a rosy ocean, vast and bright;
 They gazed upon the glittering sea below,
 Whence the broad moon rose circling into sight;
 They heard the waves splash, and the wind so low,
 And saw each other's dark eyes darting light
 Into each other—and, beholding this,
 Their lips drew near, and clung into a kiss!
 A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth, and love,
 And beauty, all concentrating, like rays
 Into one focus, kindled from above;
 Such kisses as belong to early days,
 Where heart, and soul, and sense, in concert move,
 And the blood's lava, and the pulse a blaze,
 Each kiss a heart-quake—for a kiss's strength,
 think it must be reckoned by its length.”

Et cetera. The rest of the story is equally good, and much to our purpose—let those who would pursue the matter further, turn to the works of the noble bard, of which no well selected library is destitute.

So turn we now to the poet of love, *par excellence*, the modern Anacreon—Tom Moore. In the following, how beautifully does this charming poet express the wish, that a kiss was the end of

passion—as if nature was more imperfect than a poet's fancy :—

“God ! how I wished, in that wild hour,
That bliss alone, thus stamp'd with heat,
Had for the moment all the power
To make our souls effusing meet !
That we might mingle by the breath,
In all of love's delicious death ;
And in a kiss at once be blest,
As, Oh ! we trembled at the rest !”

Nor was the poet insincere. How charmingly is the same sentiment given in the lines to Fanny of Timmol :—

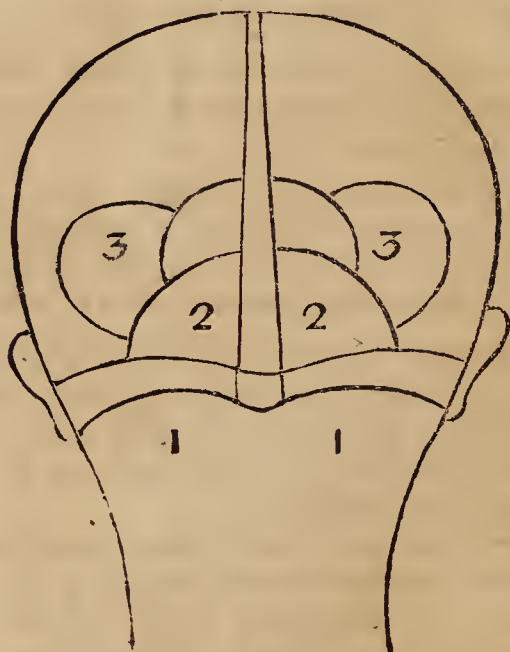
“By heaven ! I would rather for ever forswear
The elysium that dwells on a beautiful breast,
Than alarm for a moment the *peace* that is there,
Or banish the *dove* from so hallowed a nest.”

But enough of poetry and poets, novels and novellists, historians and history, sacred and profane. Philosophy must enlighten what romance and poetry have so adorned, and, were such a thing possible, beautified.

Those who have studied phrenology know, and those who have not are respectfully informed, that the seat of the propensity called amateness, or the sexual feeling,—that which after maturity induces the male and female of all animals to perform the process necessary for the continuation of the species, and with which is connected a degree of enjoyment and pleasure such as is given by the exercise of no other function, because no other is so important, is at the base of the brain, between

the ears, just where the head connects with the back of the neck,—in short, the cerebellum.

The size of this portion of the brain, which may be judged of pretty accurately, by the external appearance, measures the strength of this beautiful and very necessary passion. The feeling of friendship is just above, and intimately

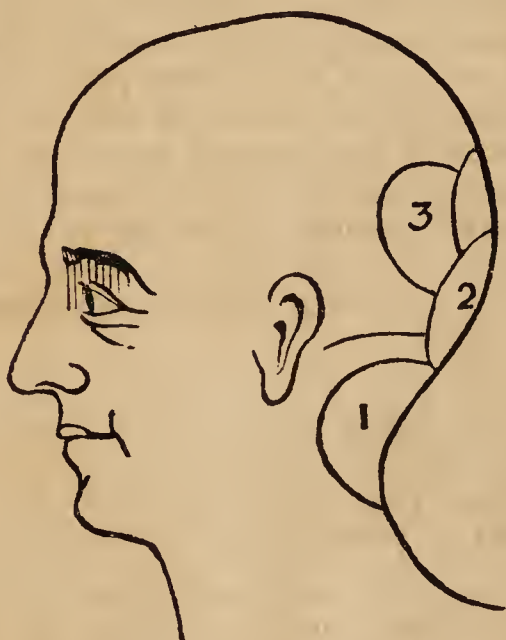


1. *Amativeness.* 2. *Philoprogenitiveness.* 3. *Adhesiveness.*

connected with this on each side, and in the centre, behind, where most female heads protrude so



strongly, is the organ of Philoprogenitiveness, or love of offspring. All these organs and feelings are intimately connected. The organ of Amativeness is connected by important nerves with the organs necessary for the gratification of this propensity, and the others to some degree. So the organs excite the brain, and vice versa, as my readers have doubtless had occasion to experience.



1 *Amativeness.* 2 *Philoprogenitiveness.* 3 *Adhesiveness.*

In the above, the situation of those portions of

the brain which are the seat of these propensities, from which the nerves proceed, which also receive from all the senses, the food of their pas-sional existence, is shown so that no one need mistake their position. Remember that it is not by any trifling protruberance you are to measure phrenetic developments, but by the whole mass of brain from the ear, or rather a central point between the ears, to the circumference.

To prevent all misapprehension, I have given a head and bust of a female with large Amative-ness, Adhesiveness, and Philoprogenitiveness.

Mark the fulness of the lower part of the head and neck, the prominence of the occipital, or whole posterior portion—and with them, and as the consequence, the soft and eloquent eye, the full, ripe, voluptuous lip, and the beautiful, swelling bosom, the very pillow of love, as saith a poet, who, if rumour does him justice, ought to know.

Love's pillow is fair woman's breast,
His zephyrs are her gentle sighs ;
Her breath the perfume he loves best,
And his loved light, her radiant eyes.

“ Does Love want roses ? Heavenly hues
Are glowing on her cheeks and lips,
She smiles ! rubies and pearls he views
And kisses for his nectar sips.”

Such are the unmistakable signs of these powerful, necessary and delicious feelings.



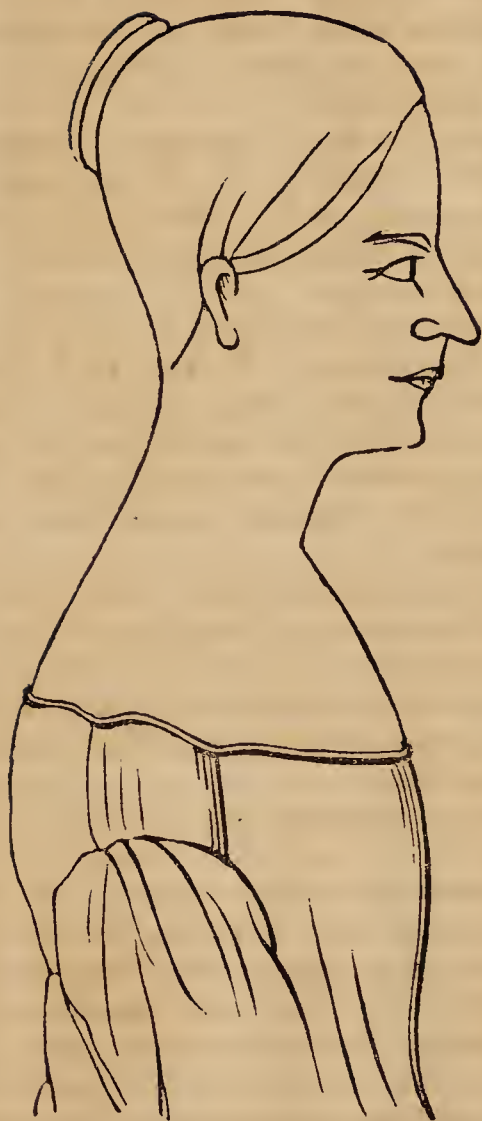
To make them more apparent, I have given a drawing of the opposite character, in which all these proportions are weakly developed—a cold, insensible being, a prude by nature, censorious by habit, one in whom chastity is no virtue, as for her, love has no enjoyment. From such a woman, heaven deliver the warm hearted and susceptible young man, who would have his marriage bed a scene of sympathetic and perpetual delight.

You might as well love a side of sole leather. You might as well kiss a bale of hides. You might as well sleep with an Egyptian mummy. This lady sees no impropriety in the hands-off system of Mrs. Gore—and would make a first-rate member of a female moral reform society.

Well, poor things, it is more their misfortune than their fault—they are as nature formed them, but, like Richard, “but half made up.” But let them not persecute others for manifesting propensities they do not feel, and enjoying pleasures they cannot appreciate.

Any accurate observer may satisfy himself of the correctness of these observations, by examining the heads of his acquaintances; and though there is some doubt in regard to the minuter details of phrenology, which unfortunately its best professors do not half understand, the situation of the organs of these propensities may be considered as settled beyond all peradventure.

But phrenology is as yet, like most other sciences, deplorably superficial. It takes no com-



prehensive view of his powers and faculties, and, as a system, is as now taught of little value. The observations of its professors are well enough, as far as they go, but a genius, a master-mind, is needed to apply them.

This is not all. From the organ of amateness, the cerebellum, there go out nerves to the heart, and the respiratory organs. They are spread over the face and neck, the eyes, &c., but no where is this nervous influence so strongly felt—no where are the nerves so thickly spread, as in the lips!

Now for the physiology. The organ of amateness being strongly developed and excited, all the nerves connected with it of course are affected, and convey its influence to the parts with which they connect it. The eyes sparkle, and are full of soft and tender expression—the heart palpitates, the blood rushes tingling through the arteries; the lungs are strongly expanded, and deep sighs burst from the heaving bosom; blushes cover the face and neck, and the influence of this delicious feeling is manifested wherever these nerves are distributed—and as the lips are peculiarly connected, they are full, ripe, red, and suing to be pressed.

All these nerves seem to have a magnetic attraction for each other. The hands are clasped together; the bosoms meet, and heart palpitates against heart. The lips meet each other, and there they cling, as if glued together—the nervous influence passing like an electric spark between them with a sensation so exquisite and delicious, that it is better “felt than described.”

Such is the kiss of love and rapture. The maternal kiss is different; somewhat in kind, but more in degree; for the lips are also connected with the organ of philoprogenitiveness, as also with the less powerful feeling of adhesiveness; for which reason the kiss of friendship and of relationship is so much colder than that of passionate love.

And now, do you know why a woman allows an acquaintance to kiss her hand, a friend her cheek, but keeps her lips for her lover? for every woman of taste does so.

Do you know why, if a woman of warm feelings allows you to kiss her lips, she has no longer the inclination or the power to deny you anything? Do you not see, sweet girls, the philosophy of the hands-off system so much insisted upon by all careful mothers? And, oh! do you not perceive how beautiful is this whole science, and how very necessary and proper it is that you should understand it? And will you not owe me a kiss a-piece, pretty ones, for writing you such a delightful treatise?

How like twin-cherries must have looked the lips of the beautiful Helen, when young Paris saw her! What soft voluptuousness rested on those of Cleopatra, when a Cæsar could resign empire for her embraces! And from the lips of the divine Aspacia came not only the honied nectar of love, but the most enchanting philosophy, so that sages sat at her feet, whose conversation and kisses, were alike delightful.

I think sometimes what Adam must have felt,

how queerly, how astonished, and how extatic, when he first pressed his lips to those of our first mother, when the world was fresh and new. Did he reason upon it as well as enjoy? Ah! in those bowers of Paradise, they must have kissed the livelong day. I fancy I see them now, reclining on a bed of thornless roses, which half cover their white and well rounded limbs, both naked, for as yet draperies were not, nor even fig-leaves were in use—and there was no coyness, no prudery, but the simple coquetry which nature teaches. He kisses her white and delicate hands; her pure, marble forehead; her eye-lids; her round, full plump, snowy, bosom; unconcealed and uncompressed by muslin and corsets; and then, her lips—for all the rest is but preliminary—like an overture before an opera, a symphony before a song, a relish before a meal, or the preparation for any thing delightful. There they lie, upon this bed of roses, one of her white arms around his neck, the other about his waist, while his occupy similar positions, illustrating the most beautiful groupings of the statuesque; and then their red, pouting lips meet in a long, close, passionate kiss of love and rapture, so delicious, filled with such sweet transport, that the senses are half overpowered, the sight grows dim, and a soft and dreamy languor succeeds the rapture of that kiss in Paradise.

Oh! Eve was not a shaking Quakeress, prim, formal, and cold—outraging nature, and denying its holy impulses. She was no prude, keeping Adam at a respectful distance, nor did she think

such experiments in natural philosophy, a sin, or a shame even, though Eve blushed, for her nerves were like yours, and she could not help it. Had the fruit of the forbidden tree any thing to do with this, as ridiculous and most foolish commentators imagine? Nay, verily, and they are fools, and know not the Scriptures who think so—for the world was to have been peopled at any rate, and babies would not grow on bushes then more than now; at least, the particular kind of bushes have not been discovered.

In several European nations is used the kiss of salutation. Great bearded men kiss each other. This the English and Americans with better taste reject. It is even discarded between men and women, more the pity some think, but not I. Women kiss when they meet or part, especially girls at school, which is well enough, for it keeps them in practice, and yet it seem like a waste of the raw material. There are a hundred games of forfeits, etc., in which kissing is the main attraction, but to be so beslobbered seems a sort of liable—semi-prostitution! And the woman whose lips are free to every one, is so far a harlot. The hand, the forehead, even the cheek may be given thus, but not the lips. Keep those for better use.

There is a custom of a whole company kissing the bride at a wedding, “a custom more honoured in the breach than the observance.” No company of male acquaintances shall ever kiss a bride of mine, at least, not on my wedding night, nor with my good will thereafter, for if I enjoy the

fruit of love, why not the flower, so sweet and fragrant, so pure and delicious, that it is a matter of doubt, whether it be not the better part of its most extatic pleasure.

So far, well. But is there nothing more? I have told you how the cerebellum in men and animals, is the seat of passion which brings the two sexes together, and is, so to speak, the cement which unites them in holy wedlock: the attraction which makes them "twain one flesh," which makes women "bone of man's bone and flesh of his flesh," and all that sort of thing.

Such a thing as "immaterial substance" is not. It is a contradiction in terms. A nothing—something; or a something which is nothing. What is not, cannot be, and what it is rank nonsense to talk of. Every thing in the universe is material. Nothing cannot produce something—nothing cannot effect something. Immateriality cannot act upon materiality. Mind effects mind—matter acts on matter, and matter alone, and mind in all its sublunary manifestations of feeling, passion, sympathy,, thought, depends upon matter.

All the passions have their languages, besides the language of speech; language more direct, more impressive, than the artificial communication of words. I am getting very metaphysical, but there is no help for it.

There is the natural language of ferocity, in the harsh, brutal tone; the scowling, malignant eye; the clenched fist; gnashing teeth; corners of the mouth drawn down, and angry shaking of the head. No one can mistake it.

There is the natural language of pride in the firm, erect, lofty bearing, contemptuous expression, and tone of insolent power.

The language of vanity is softer, more obsequious—the head thrown on one side, as all vain persons hold it; the face wreathed in smiles, and the “What do you think of me?” air of the belle of society.

Different are the external manifestations of benevolence, and very different those of the three varieties of love.

These seem to be more intimately connected with the animal system, especially the nervous, as was shown in the former part of this treatise.

Don't be impatient, for we are coming to the point as rapidly as it will answer to approach it; for in all scientific dissertations, there is the same bother of necessary explanations.

The attraction of gravitation which holds the stars and planets of the universe in their courses, round the throne of the Almighty, or whatever its great centre may be, is material.

The attraction which draws the iron to the loadstone, is the action of a material substance in and around the magnet.

These belong to what is or might with propriety be termed the aro-mal kingdom. Of it are electricity, galvanism, magnetism, and what is called the nervous fluid, in men and animals.

This fluid pervades the whole system, as magnetism does the loadstone, or wherever the nerves are developed. In some cells it is so powerful, as to give shocks like a galvanic battery. In

serpents, it gives the power of fascination, enabling them to charm, or benumb the senses and powers of animals smaller than themselves, and attracts them as the loadstone attracts the iron. And in this, there is positively a substance, though but an aroma, sent forth from the snake, and acting upon the bird or squirrel, which becomes its victim.

This is the secret of all the curious effects of that curious science, art, or phenomena, called animal magnetism, and this is the science and philosophy of the loves of friendship, consanguinity and passion.

The nervous influence, or aroma, connected with certain individuals, harmonizes. Its delicate vibrations, mingle harmoniously together. They take pleasure in each others society, even though they but sit in the same room, and say not a word; they feel each others presence, and their souls are all the while mingling deliciously together. This is the philosophy, the true and only philosophy of friendship, and congenial natures. Even in this, there is a constant attraction. Hands are often joined together; they lean upon each other; they throw their arms around each others forms. Who has not seen and felt it?

The love of parents for offspring is more powerful. The babe is clasped in its father's arms, or folded to its mother's breast. There the influence of the subtle aroma is stronger, and more intimate, and its power and influence so much the greater; it hushes the babe to rest, or wakes it to pleasure. It acts upon its little brain and

nervous system, and moulds its intellect. It is the cultivation of its soul, a perpetual animal magnetism. O mothers? how can you leave this work to another? to some weak, ignorant, and it may be, depraved being, to develop the energies of your yet imperfect child, and bring it back to you, affected irrevocably by a bad influence, when it should have had the benefit of your own?

Is not this reasonable, according to all you know of nature? and does it not explain, beautifully, ten thousand things you never understood in the organic, vegetative, and animal world? Do you doubt its truth? Investigate, examine, compare, reason, judge! "Prove *all* things; hold fast to that which is good."

But when this influence is connected with a stronger and more prevailing passion, with both nervous systems acting in conjunction, energetic in the flush of youth, and fired by entrancing, maddening beauty, its effects are more apparent.

The passions are fully developed, the temperament sanguine, and every incentive to love. It is in the spring time of year, the season of balm and fragrance. Sweet odours float on every zephyr. The trees seem to sigh melodiously. The birds sing of love and rapture, and all nature seems to be governed by a common impulse. When at this soft and delicious season, congenial natures of the young and fair meet together, how beats the heart of each with the transport of approaching bliss! There is no need of words, but if they come, how soft and tender the tones, how sweet, and even husky with passion—if they

sing, how plaintive, yet rich and thrilling the melody! Their eyes shoot penetrating fires, and the invisible atmosphere of nervous aroma, which floats about them, operates upon each, and thus, really, truly, and literally, their souls are mingled. They touch each other at a distance; contact only increases the intensity of action and feeling. When their hands meet, what a thrill goes through the whole system, and in the fond dalliance which a prudish coquetry prolongs, as the voluptuary prolongs enjoyment, and as the hands wander over the arms, and bosom, and swelling limbs, how many lightning flashes of the subtle spirit, this magnetism of love are felt.

In spite of maiden coyness—in spite of the startling rapture, and the feelings which almost terrify, by excess of extacy, there is an invisible attraction, which draws the corresponding parts together, so that the breasts that were heaving with soft emotion, like the billows of the sea, and yearning to be caressed, now meet together in a shock of the transport, and the lips, which have been uttering soft vows, and tales of love, and sending out the invisible fluid, which has, each acting upon the other, now drawn them close together, meet in a thrilling, extatic kiss. Do not dream that the mere union of parts can produce pleasure. The nerves, which by their subtle fluid had been acting upon each other at a distance are now in contact, and are acting freely and strongly upon each other. The imagination does nothing but excite. The two passions are in absolute contact, and exquisite pleasure is the result of

their harmonious action. It is what the harmony of the two concordant sounds is in music, or two mingling tints in light, while the disgust of the cold kiss of indifference or hate—is those notes in discord, or those colours unskilfully contrasted. For know that universal nature hath its harmonies and discords, which are happiness and misery—and that he who hath studied music, and can understand it, has a key to unlock the mysteries of nature.

What a philosophy is here unfolded ! It is materialism, but materialism in its highest sublimation—a materialism more pure than the dreamy and nonsensical abstractions of the spiritualist.

If there be a God who acts upon, and is the soul of matter, he must be composed of some such principle as this—the aroma of aromas, the electricity of electricities, as much more subtle and imponderable, perhaps, than light or galvanism, as those are the grossest of earthly substances, but still substance—matter—and acting according to material laws.

Thus, the feeling which glances from the eyes of a lovely woman, is the emanation of her soul, as light is the emanation of the stars ! Thus, the attraction which draws together congenial natures of opposite sexes, or animal magnetisms, is like the attraction which holds the earth in its orbit, and all the stars, planets, and comets in their courses in the universe.

As in the attractions and motions of the heavenly bodies there are irregularities, some moving in

their orbits at equal distance, some in most erratic orbits, now blazing in splendour near the sun, now flying off into the cold and dark abyss ; so are the attractions and repulsions of the human passions, often irregular and erratic, comet-like and meteoric ; and as stars fall from the firmament, and suns go out, leaving darkness and oblivion, so do the stars of beauty "rush madly from their spheres," or fall to rise no more.

And love—the first passion of the universe, the sweetest, holiest, most god-like, most heavenly, is thus the cause of infinite degradation, misery and despair. As the notes of music produce either the most enchanting harmonies or the hardest discords, so do the passions when ill-mated, and the aromas when repulsive.

Out of fifty thousand married couples in this city, there are but seven thousand so harmoniously matched in mind, temper, passion, and physical organization, as to secure their highest happiness. The sweetest concords, remember, are not unisons. No chords are more monotonous than octaves—these are the harmonies of indifference. There is no disagreement but there is also no delight. How much more beautiful are the lively major, or the sentimental minor thirds of attachment and combination.

In these combinations if both systems are upon the same key, there is an enjoyment, at most, negative. Slight differences produce greater discords. I trust, I am writing for those who understand me, without my being more explicit—but

when the proper differences meet, the finest concords are produced.

There must be the proper agreement in the strength of the passions, one not drowning utterly or overpowering the other. There must be the proper correspondence in quality of note, for certain minds and constitutions match easily with each other, and exert the most powerful attractions. There must be a proper regard to time in love, as in music. In some constitutions, the operations of the the passions is quick and violent, in others, slow and moderate. How unhappy are those, who possessing such differences are brought together by interest, while one has spent all his fervor in a single kiss, the senses of the other are just waking up to enjoyment. Here is harsh discord, and irreparable mischief and misery, the quick, loud, trumpet blast, and the soft drone of the hautboy!

The science of living wisely and well, is one which the world will justly study. The thousands of happy unions—the tens of thousands who come upon the stage of life and pass off without even having their most beautiful feeling, and those which should produce the greatest happiness waked into harmonious action, the discordance which exists every where from these causes, attest the necessity of correctly understanding these principles.

The vice of prostitution is another and more terrible result of the general ignorance upon this subject, and of the present miserable and dis-

graceful combinations of society, which is like throwing an hundred instruments together in an orchestre, and letting them play at random, helter-skelter, where every harmony would be an accident, as it would seem that every gleam of sunshine and happiness is, in the present organization of human society.

Strange have been men's vagaries upon this subject. Not understanding the laws of pas-sional harmony, and failing to observe nature, men established polygamy, so that out of three or four hundred they might be suited, and so after sufficient experience they doubtless were. The patriarchs—kings of Israel—and especially Solomon, of whose splendid seraglio we have such edifying accounts in the Old Testament, are ancient examples; and Mahomedan and heathen nations afford innumerable ones of modern date.

Yet, if this was pleasant to the rich and powerful few, how unjust to the poor and oppressed many! Each of the wives and concubines of Solomon, for example, might have found somewhere one whose love would have been a richer treasure, than all the miserable splendours that surrounded the voluptuous monarch of Israel.

Seeing the evil of this, the warm blooded Greeks adopted a different system, one of universal licence and prostitution. In Cyprus, the prayer offered daily in the temple of Venus, the deity chiefly worshipped; was that she would increase the number and beauty of their prostitutes, and every woman in that community, was expected

as often at least as once a year, to prostitute herself publicly in the temple of love. A stranger they were obliged by law to refuse nothing to—and a whole community lived in a state of the extremest licentiousness.

In other portions of this beautiful, refined, and classic country, the highest honours were paid to the most beautiful and talented courtezans. They erected temples, monuments, and fortifications—they lived in the most splendid palaces—kings endowed them with their riches, and statesmen, philosophers and poets attended their levees and their feasts. Happy was the man, who had access to their abodes.

In modern Rome, there was at one time, forty thousand courtezans. They were under the protection of his holiness the Pope, and he received weekly a certain portion of their gains, amounting to an immense revenue, and requiring a considerable number of officers for its collection.

In Paris, at this day, the profession of a courtesan is as regular as any other branch of business, is recognized by law, has its peculiar police, its office of records in which the name of every licensed *fille de joye* is registered, and from which, upon her paying the required fee, she receives a certificate, which secures her at all times the protection of the *gens d'armes*. Girls are educated for this profession, and at the proper age apply to the officer, and enter upon it. as much in a matter of course, as the lawyer or physician are here admitted to the bar or the medical society

Alas! in that gay and brilliant capital, there are thousands who has not the remotest hope of marriage and the delights of a virtuous home. They are doomed from birth to a life of crime! It is hard in such a case to call it so. Such is the case to a greater or less extent in most of the continental nations. In convents the sanction of religion is added to that of law.

In London, an ostensible police of prostitution is neglected, and unchecked licentiousness and terrible diseases, add to the horrors of this dreadful picture. The number of those who subsist by prostitution in London, from choice or necessity, is reckoned by hundreds of thousands.

In this happy country the evil is only less enormous, because the country is newer, and less stocked with population, but even now, New York and Philadelphia are rivalling London and Paris in their statistics of crime. Broadway and Chesnut-street are fast becoming the avenues of vice.

But this system, which as we have seen, has existed from the earliest antiquity, now approved and encouraged, now legalized, and at all times tolerated, is but one of the evils of the general ignorance of the very philosophy which we have been unfolding in part. When it shall have fully been understood in all its details, and practised upon, the irregularities of man's most powerful, most beautiful, and most excellent passion will cease, and all its developments will be harmonious and productive of the highest happiness our nature is capable of.

No longer then, will those who have been joined together only to repeal each other, and from whose intercourse one or both have but increasing disgust—whose eyes dart all fires but those of love, whose lips meet in no soft kisses, be bound in an unholy chain, to break the laws of the Creator daily, and make discord of his perfect harmonies. No longer will gold triumph over love, and dross outweigh the sympathies of nature. No longer will fond mothers shed bitter and unavailing tears over the ruin and disgrace of their lovely and beloved offspring. No longer will fathers tremble for the fate of sons, liable by one mistake, to be cut down, in the flower of their youth—or by another to be made miserable for life.

These are grave and serious considerations, worthy of the statesman, the philosopher, and the philanthropist. Unfitted, you may think them for such a treatise as this; but do you think I write solely for your amusement? I were no true philosopher if I did. No, reader! upon that simple act—that delicious phenomenon—upon the mystical key-note of the passions I have founded a philosophy, a few of the principles of which I have worked out. Is it not true? Have I advanced one principle—produced one theory which you cannot at your leisure ascertain by successful experiment?

Kissing, as I have already intimated, is no matter for fooling. It is a calm, serious delight, to be enjoyed in its perfection only when the passions are active and harmonious. The presence of a

third person is an interference, and the act performed before spectators, I mean in its passional perfection, is indelicate. Solitude, with the beloved one, silence of soft music, the sighing of the winds through tree-tops, or the murmur of waterfalls should accompany it. Stolen interviews, where the palpitations of love and pleasure are just shaded by apprehension, I have thought increased the pleasure; soft and witching moonlight is a pleasant accessory, and a summer air, the perfume of sweet flowers, especially roses, are all delightful. A moist soft hand, not too warm, does well. A warm hand denotes indifference or jealousy. The saying, 'a cold hand denotes a warm heart,' is true, and founded in nature. The hand of a sensitive woman, as well as her lip, is the thermometer of passion, and therefore, a woman who understands it, as many seem to by instinct, will never let a man, from whom she wishes to conceal a passion, take her by the hand.

Yet to the perfection of the purest kiss, other contact than that of the lips is necessary. The hands, the breasts, even the feet should be in contact—to give free play to the action of the floating, mysterious, soul-aromas. The less draperies, to a certain extent, the better, as these especially silks and woolens, impede the action of the fluids.

Silks and woolens are the dress of chastity. A woman is much more attractive in linen or cotton, and for a philosophical reason, because they are not, to so great an extent, non-conductors.

As a magnet daily played with, gradually loses its power by the variety of substance on which it acts—and as the same magnet, where its action upon the same substance is continued for some time, increases in its attraction, so the lips that are pressed by many lose their charms for any, while the attachment of those who are properly matched, only increases in strength and pleasure.

Those who have experienced much, know how little pleasure is experienced from kisses destitute of any sentiment to enliven them. How cold, dull, and mechanical, how devoid of pleasure is the mere union of lips, where they are not animated by passion and feeling! It is from this cause that the purchased loves of the votaries of vice are so unsatisfactory, and so destitute of delight. Those who judge of the married state by this, as thousands do, and in consequence remain old bachelors make a terrible mistake.

Man has no bad passion. All the powers and faculties with which the god of nature has endowed him, are good, and intended for his happiness, and in their harmonious development and healthy action produce it. To suppose otherwise, would suppose the Creator a monster, a demon, an object of hate, terror, and detestation.

All that we call evil—all that we should avoid as sin, all that we lament as misery, is produced by the irregularities and discords of the passions—all that we know or feel of happiness

and pleasure, is their regular and harmonious action.

Love is the fundamental passion of social existence—a kiss is the key-note of that passion; and if the subject were carried out, it would be found that every passion had some analogous manifestation.

Gentle reader? my task is nearly ended. I know full well that the bigot will censure what with the purest feelings and the most honest intentions I have written, not to amuse you in some vacant hour, not to minister to a depraved concupiscence—not to promote the irregular manifestations of those passions, which a just being gave for his creatures greatest good and happiness—but to enlighten the darkness which a foolish delicacy has kept around them—to do away with an ignorance, which causes half the misery of existence—to elevate, by a true philosophy, the grand passion in all its delicate and beautiful manifestations—to bring good out of evil, or rather to purge the evil from what the maker of man made for good.

There are many things connected with the powerful passions, which it is important for all to know. In future treatises I may unfold them, and if the present work has not disappointed your reasonable expectations, if you have read it with that mingled pleasure and profit, for these are always mingled, or always should be—which it has been my strongest wish to impart, when in future, other, and perchance more important treatises shall be announced by the author of this,

you will not fail to “read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest.”

The passions are the moving impulses of humanity. They are, so to speak, the steam engines of this machine, while reason is the engineer that guides, directs, and controls. The passions are the motives, reason the controlling power.

How can reason act without correctly understanding the nature, powers, and modes of action of these passions? As well might a North River steam boat take on its passengers and freight, light its fires, and attempt to proceed on its voyage without an engineer, or with one ignorant of the beautiful, powerful, and complicated machine, whose operations he was to govern, when destruction and death—the ruin of the machinery, or the explosion of the boat would be the probable result, as for men, with passions of such terrible force, to not understand the laws by which they act, and the manner in which they are to be controlled.

Learn the nature of the passions—study their developments—find out what ones are strong—what ones weak; in the exercise of your best reason make the proper allowances for each, in yourself and others. and you will regulate your own feelings, and your intercourse with society upon such correct principles, that the blow-ups and explosions of social life, with all the misery and agony from which so many thousands suffer, shall cease.

Know that society, with all its so-called re-

finements, and civilization, with all its hollow splendour, marks but the immature and puling infancy of human development, and that before man shall have fulfilled his real destiny, he will have become as much superior in knowledge and happiness to his present condition, as the present is to his most dark and savage state.

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